



*Compliments of  
D'Arcy Hinds*

# OH! WHO WOULD NOT BE IRISH

Words and Music by  
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(D. Aidne)

**Musgrave Bros.**

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# **Glorious Action of Irish Guards—Received Un- moved Terrific Charge of German Horsemen, like Ridge of Rock in Dark Gray Sea—Threw Back Kaiser's Men at Bayonet's Point.**

(By A. J. Rorke, Special Correspondent  
of the Toronto World.)

Havre, France, Friday, Sept. 11.—  
(By courier to London.)—This is the  
story as told to me how the Irish Guards  
at—(censored) met the furious charge  
of the three German cavalry regiments,  
emerging from the conflict covered with  
undying glory.

Three regiments of German cavalry,  
splendidly horsed, equipped and armed,  
charged down upon a regiment of Irish  
infantry. The men, who had been jok-  
ing and smoking rose to meet them, a  
bristling bulwark of giants, holding  
their weapons of steel in steady grip.

## **Chaos of Horses and Men.**

For a few minutes it was an awful  
chaos of horses and soldiers, gray clad  
troopers with yellow, glittering lances,  
flashing bayonets, the automatic spitting  
of machine guns, flashes of musketry,  
while in the midst of all the men in  
khaki stood immobile, grimly, without  
budging. They threw back at the bayo-  
net's point, in utter demoralization, the  
Kaiser's vaunted troops—men who had  
terrified the peasantry of Belgium and  
France. The Germans need to have  
something like this put on their banner:

"Their casualty list will show that if  
blood be the price, they have achieved  
their aim."

## **Sang God Save Ireland.**

The French soldiers tell me, that, ris-  
ing from the ranks just before the  
crash, came the sweet, lilting strains of  
songs they had never heard before. One

French soldier, who came along, his face  
bandaged and a bullet in his back, ven-  
tured to repeat from memory the tune,  
which I made out to be "God Save Ire-  
land," that he had heard the Irishmen  
singing. "Whistle to Me Said You"  
was another of the strains I gathered  
the Hibernians had sung on the battle-  
field.

## **IRELAND'S LOYALTY SHOWN.**

**Larger Quota of Soldiers, According to  
Population, Than England.**

(Canadian Press Despatch.)

New York, Dec. 20.—On the basis of  
population, Ireland has furnished the  
allies, up to December 1, with 28 per  
cent. more men than has England,  
according to statistics recently published  
in Dublin and made public here to-day by  
Colonel M. P. Kelly, of the Texas Na-  
tional Guard, a passenger on the incom-  
ing steamship Baltic.

Colonel Kelly has been in Ireland for  
five months. He said that the country  
was extremely loyal.

Two Irish Fusiliers became separated  
from their regiment during the battle  
at Compeigne, in France. The regiment  
moved on, and several days later the  
two turned up badly battered. When  
questioned, one of them answered: "We  
have had a terrible time, fighting all the  
way from "Copenhagen."



# Oh! Who Would Not Be Irish

D'ARCY HINDS

Tempo di Marcia



1. In days of yore old Brian Bo - ru. drove  
2. They hon - ored those old boys of war and  
3. The sons of Kel - ly Burke and Shea have  
4. In church, on bench, or bat - tle - field, they

The first system of the song shows the vocal melody in the right hand and the piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

out the raid - ing Dane, At  
formed the guards in green, In  
fought the Kai - ser's Clan, From  
al - ways hold their own, Or

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

Fon - ten - oy and Wat - er - loo sure  
truth pro - claimed them near and far grand  
"Cop - en - hag - en" forced their way just  
in the ma - ny walks of life in

fight - ing was their game, In Trans-vaal wars Cu - hoo - lin's sons were  
"Sol - diers of the Queen"; Their ster - ling fight - ing was by far the  
fight - ing man - to man, Whilst sing - ing "God save Ire - land" they hurled  
which they ev - er roam, In the great game of pol - i - tics they

hand - ed down to fame. Oh, who would not be I - - - rish.  
best that they had seen. Oh, who would not be I - - - rish.  
back the bold Uh - lan. Oh, who would not be I - - - rish.  
al - ways are at home. Oh, who would not be I - - - rish.



## CHORUS

Then hur - rah, - Go Bragh, for that old isle,

It's the one that's bred the boys re - nowned for fight - ing style, When

true men call "Good laws for all" It makes it worth their while. Oh,

who would not be I - rish.

